

fairy tales: 3

The twentyfifth year
is not quite any other year
ly pilgrimage;
it comes in on
snowflakes,
pinching weeds
off the crosstie mind.
It spreads like
slippery whistles
of outbound freights,
headed west
in leafless dawns.

-- Lee Holland

Washington, D.C..

Cling, Cling To The Cave Walls

Cling to the cave walls, push into the ooze
beneath your feet, feel your way along one
blind step at a time, press your face against
the clammy air, grapple the slime with your
fingers, ears aching past the wet rush of bats
toward a human voice; Cling, cling to the cave
walls, dig in until you feel the bones crack
and give way, then hang by your tearing tendons;
Crush your shuddering body against the stone
until the stone enters your bloodstream and
like a limpet, leach, espaliered peach, suck
life from the rock; Cling, cling, barnacle and
tentacle and talon, cleave to the cave walls;
Never forget what is behind you, and always
remember that desperation is the mother of all life.

-- Phyllis Onstott Arone

Logansport, Indiana